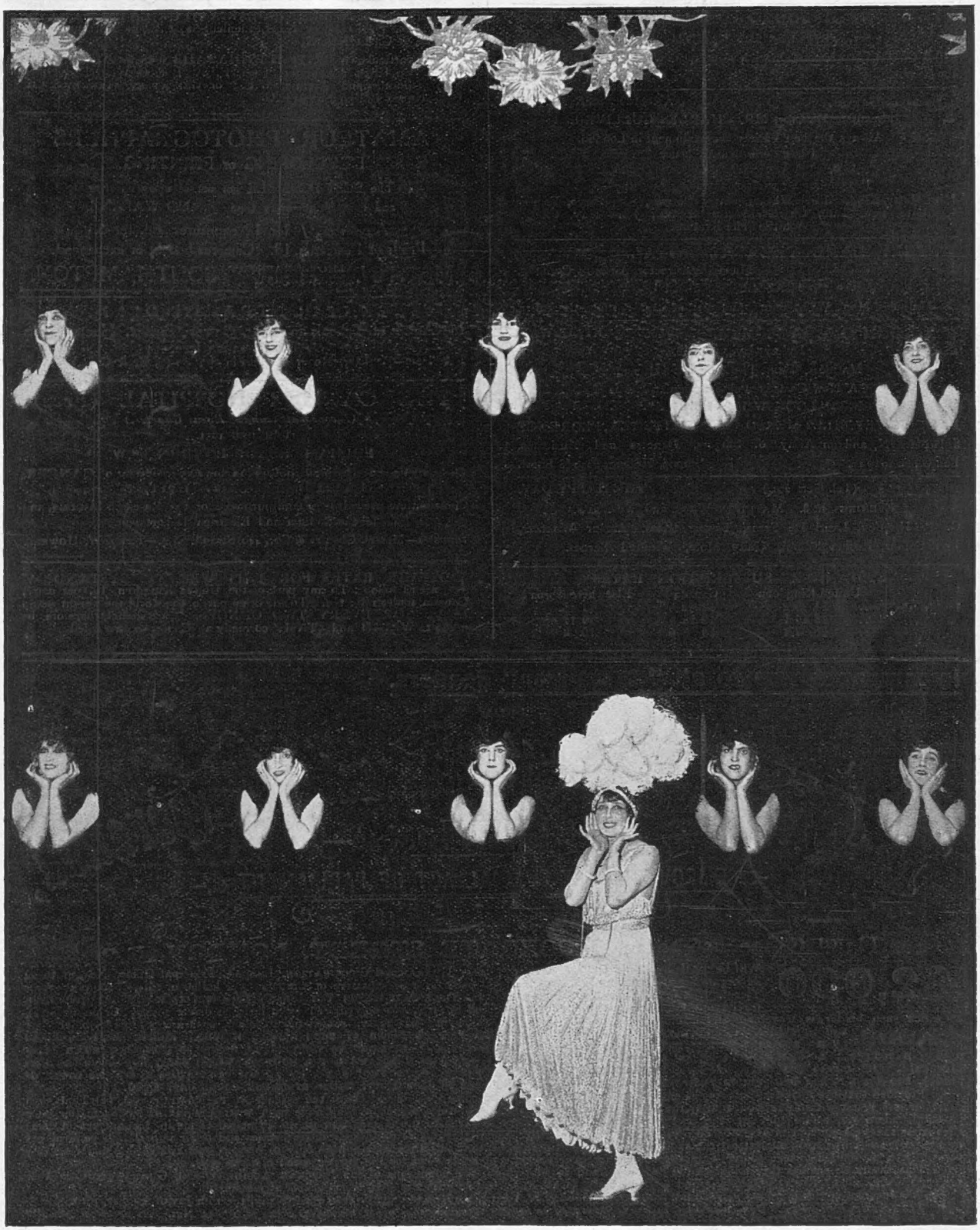
The Bystander, August 9, 1916.—No. 662. Vol. LI

The BYSTANDER



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BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

Holiday-Makers Unmoved—

ZEPPELIN raids have been the feature of the week, and on the principle that it is easy to bear the misfortunes of others the British public outside the raided areas has remained profoundly unmoved, proceeding for the holidays in what looks like unprecedented numbers, westward instead of eastward or southward. Paddington and Waterloo, from morn to eve, present a truly remarkable picture of England in war-time. Were ever so many holidays taken as in this summer, when holidays are unpatriotic?

⁂ ⁂

—But Not, of Course, Real Holidays

OF course, nobody is really going away on holidays. Middle-aged gentlemen in enormous numbers seem simultaneously to have hit on the idea of paying too-long-deferred visits to their "aged parents," while self-sacrificing wives, themselves only too anxious to continue doing their bit at home, have really had to "think of the children" and steel themselves to the undesired migration to Cornwall, Devon, Wales, and Western Scotland.

⁂ ⁂

Where the Bombs Fall

THE Authorities continue to do that for which they prosecute others—inform the enemy as to the progress of the raids. I don't accuse them of telling the enemy exactly where his bombs have fallen, but it is just as much information to report where they have not. For instance, he is evidently under the impression that he has been hitting military works, harbours, etc., on the East Coast. From ourselves he gets the valuable information that he has not hit any such places, but only cows, pigs, and cauliflowers. The result will be that he will try again, thanks to the "information" received as to what he did not accomplish, in the hope of better luck next time.

⁂ ⁂

Why Not a Little Bluff in Return?

WHAT I would do were I the Authorities would be to cease this system of merely calling the enemy a liar. I would set to work to deceive him in earnest, by publishing my own personally concocted accounts of his achievements. When he hits Little Peddlington parish pump I would report that he had smashed up Norwich Cathedral. I would let him think he destroyed St. Paul's every Monday, the Alhambra every Tuesday, the Law Courts every Wednesday, Drury Lane every Thursday, and other important buildings every other day.

⁂ ⁂

For Example—

IF our object is to stop his raids, as I suppose it really is, isn't it?—dare I say it, or is it actionable?—if that is our object, surely we should best succeed by letting him think he had accomplished what he set out to do and more so. He would then say "England is destroyed. Perfidious Albion is no more. The Bing Boys were blown up in a Razzle-Dazzle at Half-Past Eight, and look, no one's there!"

⁂ ⁂

It Would Please the Germans So Much

THE German children, poor little wretches, couldn't be given a holiday as it's holiday time, but they might be given extra *sauerkraut* or sausage cards, and the Kaiser might say some more prayers. Germany would be satisfied that she had once and for all ended us, and the Bing Boys would still be here, and the other boys would still be there, in France, getting on with it

AN ABBEY WEDDING

Canon Carnegie married Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain on August 3 at Westminster Abbey. They are seen leaving the Abbey—for breakfast—the wedding having been solemnised at the early hour of 8.30

⁂ ⁂

"In the Haberdashery"

TALKING of the Kaiser, his latest description of us is "ice-cold haberdashers." I regret to say that His Majesty is wrong as to the ice-cold, but he has good reason to call us haberdashers. For lately he has certainly been getting socks from us.

⁂ ⁂

Austria's New Leader

SO Hindenburg is now in charge of all the operations on the whole Eastern Front, which means, naturally enough, that Russia will have her work cut out to continue progress as heretofore. Even Hindenburg's command is not, however, likely to infuse fighting zeal in the demoralised and degraded forces of Francis Joseph. The reason, undoubtedly, why the Austrians

(*Continued on page 226*)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 225)

have deserted in such huge numbers is that they are sick to death of being butchered to save William's vanity. Whatever the result of the war, Austria stands to gain nothing. Her ally will save her life at her own price. If Francis Joseph is still alive, which many people doubt, it is amazing that he continues to wage a war that involved the ultimate complete absorption of his dominions by Prussia.

⁂ ⁂

But Not, After All, in Full Command

SINCE writing the above, it is announced that Hindenburg is *not* in charge of the whole Eastern Front, and that the Austrians will continue to conduct *their* business as usual. They prefer, apparently, to be defeated by the Allies rather than saved by the Prussians. Well, that's only natural. But why not change sides, Joseph?

⁂ ⁂

When the Boys Come Home

THE Prime Minister has spoken on the subject of demobilisation, and there seems actually to be a plan of what to do when the boys come home — or, rather, when they're due to come home. At one thing everybody will rejoice, and that is the P.M.'s pledge that, whether disbanded or not, the soldiers shall be given adequate furlough. The putting men back in civil life is going to be at least as big a problem as the original taking them from it. Various recruiting officers in the country — most of them retired officers of the old Army—already begin to see that the end of the war will not release them from their patriotically assumed duties. The making of arrangements for the return to employment is bound to fall on those who have experience of local conditions, *i.e.*, the recruiting officers, and one of these told me that he does not expect his own return to civil life until at least eighteen months after the war!

A BATTLESHIP BISHOP

The Bishop of London with Admiral Jellicoe on the "Iron Duke," which he lately visited to hold a Confirmation Service

⁂ ⁂

What to Do with Wounded Officers

THE question suggests itself whether arrangements to relieve older officers of these duties could not already be made by initiating into them younger men, slightly wounded or invalided, who have had too much of the war at the Front, and who would welcome such employment for the eighteen months after.

⁂ ⁂

Shall the Khaki be Wasted?—

ONE thing occurs to one—what will happen to the enormous quantity of khaki that will be thrown on the hands of the Army when the boys disband? Simultaneously with the discarding of military kit we shall have an enormous expenditure, by millions of discharged soldiers, on civilian kit. One sees an orgy of waste of material and money if, as is probable, nobody has thought of this. Why should not the State constitute itself the tailor, in civil life, of its discharged soldiers, and disused khaki be converted into clothes of a suitable, and not too vilely cut, civilian kind?

⁂ ⁂

—Or Used for a Working Dress?

WHAT is the matter with a uniform in civil life for those who have served? It will be at least honourable, and those that wear it will have at least the joy of discarding it if and when they want to. In the case of the returned workman, it is to be hoped that he will not tend to resume the wearing of the vile fustian that was his disfigurement before the war. It is a problem of æsthetics and decency that henceforth the working man, who has served his country in the field, should not bear an outward appearance of inferiority. Let the State be the tailor of the soldier-civilian, and thus save its own cloth and the soldier's money, and serve the cause of good appearances.

⁂ ⁂

The Lunch-Time War-Woman—

WITH reference to our double-page cartoon last week, showing a city restaurant at lunch-time in the present day crammed with girls and women, but with the "City Man" absolutely undiscoverable, a correspondent writes to express his astonishment at the alteration in feminine ways of spending money. "When I feel rich," he says, "I go to S——'s to lunch—a top-hatted resort of top-hole food and equally top-hole prices. I never emerge thence under four or five shillings—and I'm *not* a heavy luncher."

⁂ ⁂

—And Her Little Ways

"NOWADAYS the place, where once never a girl was seen, is full of them—all doing themselves very proud, but not attended even by any mere male with a purse. It is their own money they are spending; and from the free and lordly —no! I *don't* mean 'ladylike'—way they order salmon-steaks at half-a-crown and cutlets to follow, with some fruit tart, and coffee, and *always* a liqueur—well, I begin to think it's time I got a job at the Munitions Ministry, or somewhere where there's a fat salary. Don't you?" Our correspondent has reason. All the same, the girl-workers show their sound commonsense in spending some of their salaries on food. So *let* the City Man be startled to death, driven from his haunts, and even forced to buy a banana from a barrow, and consume it on the kerb!

Unduly Unruly

GERMANIA: "Two years old, and getting more out of hand every day! I never thought my own child would give me so much trouble!"

Visited By The King

SOME OF "THE DEVIL'S VERY OWN" AT BERKHAMSTED

The Inns of Court O.T.C. have been training in camp at Berkhamsted all the spring and summer, and last week received a visit from the King, who witnessed a sham fight, and inspected the trenches dug and consolidated by the corps

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

LONDON, *August* 7, 1916.

DEAR COUSIN—

SUMMER — laggard, but lovely—burst upon us in such a blaze of pomp and magnificence last week that we fairly lost our heads, or some of us did, and such was the rush to sea and lake and country that the Government issued an appeal about it, and our very latest war-poster reads:

POSTPONE YOUR HOLIDAYS
AN APPEAL TO THE NATION.

"Strapping young women are bathing from the beaches"

❀ ❀

YOU see, with the classes going off, almost as usual, in their thousands, it was rather awkward, wasn't it, about the masses—in their millions? Because of the war, and keeping on keeping on, and all that, they'd foregone their Whitsun Bank Holiday. And when the King cancelled this week's two (No. 2, you remember, was promised in place of the Whitsun one) it was thought they might, perhaps, feel a little annoyed.

❀ ❀

BUT I don't think it's made the slightest difference, the appeal, I mean—not to the "classes," anyway. According to the tourist people, "there's been about the same exodus from London as there would be before any August Bank Holiday"; next week the House rises till October, and from all accounts the seaside places are fairly bursting with patronage—and letting their patrons know it, too.

❀ ❀

JUST heard of one man who, owing to a few encumbrances in the way of children and things, got turned down by every lodging and boarding-house in the only fashionable "resort" that had any room at all anywhere. He's now been magnanimously taken on at an hotel, at positively Ritzian prices, *plus* five shillings a day for the dog.

❀ ❀

WONDERFUL, isn't it? Holiday-making same as ever, and more expensively than ever with a £6,000,000 per diem world-war going on top-speed not a hundred miles away, and "over there" the fate of the nation trembling in the balance the while we sacrifice in thousands every day the best and bravest of our men.

DON'T know, I'm sure, if it's pluck or—well, just indifference—British phlegm, or that supreme lack of imagination which is the general public's most marked feature. But it seems pretty certain that those strapping young women who are bathing from the beaches and walking on the "fronts" and otherwise amusingly disporting themselves aren't *all* weary war-workers taking a well-earned rest. The Red Cross and the canteens are crying out for workers, but the Slackers' Brigade is in fullest flower by all the southern seasides now.

❀ ❀

WHERE it's hoped the Zeps won't penetrate, not even if they come in fleets, and where, except that it's dark o' nights and prices are more preposterous than in peace-time even, things are much the same as they always were—for the residents, better in fact, because of the East Coast's Zeppiness and its consequent unpopularity.

❀ ❀

JOY-RIDES are rather off, of course, since the Government remembered about the petrol; and hale and hearty young men are also rather at a discount. But it's surprising, on the whole, how considerate those Tribunals have been, and there are still in England, now, plenty of male as well as female stand-backs.

(Continued on page 230)

"Postpone your holidays"

BUT it's not only as regards holidays that we free-born Britishers flout the poor old Government. In view of all the War Economy talk there's been you'd have to have *seen* to have believed one of the last and best war-weddings. Things were done, if anything, a bit sploshier than before the war, or perhaps it was all the smart khaki and the blue and gold and stuff that made things look more gaudy.

⁂ ⁂

THE "floral decorations" at the house and at the church were *immense*, there were choirs, organs, hymns, and several *padres* to tie the knot, the bridesmaids were nearly a dozen, and the bridegroom gave them diamonds, the guests all came in lovely motors, there was a big reception (no flies in the iced drinks there!), there was a dance afterwards, the bride wore lace and satin and real orange blossoms, and all her friends were exquisitely arrayed in that particular brand of flimsy wispiness which costs small fortunes and simply *can't be done* — by the wrong people.

⁂ ⁂

IT was the first fine warm sunny day we'd had for years almost, so naturally it accounted for a lot—in the way of transparency and that sort of thing. It fairly "let loose the beauts" as Barrie puts it. But it was a pity it had to happen in the very midst of the Greatest Push, and casualty lists longer than one dare to think upon must have made horrid reading for such a very slap-up wedding morning.

⁂ ⁂

ONE cheery Empire-maker who writes from "the Garden of Eden," which beats even the North-West Frontier for beastliness," won't, he says, worry me with any more tales of heat, thirst, dust and mosquitoes. "They'll be worse before they're better; and I guess it's all part of the soldiering which a lot of people think is all sudden death and glory varied with pleasant intervals of love and liquid. Really it's years and years of just dull slogging at it with a few Tabasco bits like this in them. Only a few lucky ones, very few, strike the heroic part."

"I should stand with my mouth open till someone had the sense to pour a drink down it"

⁂ ⁂

HE says he's had a fearful job screwing up his courage to write to me—"after four years of the frontier and this, one gets a bit jungly and unused to dealings with your charming sex. In fact, I feel that if I walked into any of the jolly old spots in London now (and I believe the war has altered the village a bit) I should stand with my mouth open till someone had the sense to pour a drink down it and bring me to." But he hasn't done so badly—considering, and I hope the screwing-up process didn't take the same form as it did with a man who lunched with me the other day. *He* had to have "three ports" to do it!

⁂ ⁂

BY the way, before I leave the East I must thank the very nice man who says that if I'd only go out and see them there—"it'd be a change for you to write In Egypt—Now"—their manners would improve and their spirits go up and (deepest proof of devotion) "we would all save water out of our gallon a day for your bath." I've had some very nice (and varied) offers of sorts since I started writing letters to my cousin, but I think this is quite *the* most generous and self-sacrificing of all.

⁂ ⁂

THIS soldierman, I must tell you, adds "Red Hats" to his tale of the "heat and sand and flies which take all the joy out of this land of misery and mystery, where it's desert and always desert, smells of all sorts and endless sand. I'm sorry for Anthony and Cleopatra if this is where they used to hang out. Life goes on much the same as ever, and I have no doubt we shall eat our Christmas dinner at ——! The Hotel Infernal, they tell me, is a good one to stay at. Will you come and chaperon us there?"

⁂ ⁂

I LIKE getting that sort of letter—*and* sending it on. Because I think it's good for us, don't you, to be told now and again just a little about all that our men are going through in all the very horridest spots in the world? We're so cosy here and comfy—much *too* cosy and comfy for war-time! "Just had short leave in Port Said," comes from the same source. "Just think of it, Blanche—a *real* bed, with *sheets*. And *iced* beer, ye gods! Ice tinkling against the glass. A joyous, joyful sound, like you, a joy for ever. . . ."

⁂ ⁂

AND we, *we* who've done nothing at all and don't deserve anything at all, go on having everything just as usual. Ah, well, never mind. . . . It wouldn't make things better for them, I suppose, if we *did* drink our Bollinger warm or passed the Aylesbury duck. And they'll know one day, won't they, that anyway we're grateful? And, after all, I suppose *someone* must stay at home—if only to pay the taxes.

⁂ ⁂

APROPOS, I'm afraid some people credit me with rather more what's called backstairs or "wheedling" power than I really and truly possess. "My grievance," writes one Eastern soldierman, "which I look to you to put right, protector of the poor, is this——."

⁂ ⁂

IN short, though a pukka soldierman he's got put away somewhere where, so he says, there is not, and never will be, anything doing in the fighting line. "This is all very well for a married man, conscientious objector, or other follower of the blue funk school of thought. But for a professional soldier who has seen no scrapping in France life in the army will be impossible after the War."

(*Continued on page 232*)

Our Second Soldier Prince

Prince Henry, the King's third son, a private in the Eton College Officers Training Corps, who has just gone into camp at Tidworth to continue and develop the training on which he has been so keen all the summer term at Eton

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 230)

"Now what I want you to do, Blanche, is tactfully to suggest that fellows like me should go to France while officers as aforesaid who seek soft jobs in England should be sent out here, where they will be *quite* safe. It isn't much to ask, to be allowed to soldier with one's own push—is it?—but I assure you it's a privilege denied to me, and others, since the war began."

⁂ ⁂

Well, I hope the W.O. and H.Q., etc., will read, mark, and learn, for, of course, it is a pity if "coves who've managed to retain a certain amount of keenness" *shouldn't* be in the thick of things. On the other hand—keenness is useful everywhere, more especially, perhaps, where there *isn't* the excitement of scrapping. For it's in these places—that aren't a bit exciting—where, before the war, we let the German in, isn't it? However. . . .

⁂ ⁂

In England, or, rather, in London now, by the way, those who think the golden hours of even our short summer-time well spent within four walls so long as they're spent watching golden girls, are being quite extraordinarily well catered for by the theatre people. Just think of it—we're spending six millions a day on the war, yet there's heaps enough left for some people to put on—I believe it's something like twenty new plays this month and next. And that's not counting revues, which cost I forget if it's millions or billions to "produce"—and *then*, like one or two of the huge vast giant ones of this season, die a painfully rapid death.

⁂ ⁂

Astonishing, though, isn't it, the positively unquenchable thirst for amusement and excitement war seems to produce—in England, anyway? According to a philosopher man I met the other day it's always like that in war-time—the dregs of humanity, like yeast, rise to the top, and those who cater for the people who can't think have the time of their lives giving them something to look at in the way of legs and arms and backs and things, and something to think of in the way of sloppy songs and what in revue is called a joke but anywhere else would be called not-quite-nice.

But apart from the theatres there isn't really much doing in London now, though it's quite absent—that dead feeling that used to mark August in the capital. Mayfair houses may be empty, but quite a lot are hospitals now, and you can't close *them*, if it *is* August, in the middle of the Push.

⁂ ⁂

And this week there's the grouse, which I suppose will keep some people busy, though shooting down anything, even the succulent red bird on the heather, would make *me* ill these days. But that's just silly, sloshy sentiment, I know. I expect I'll be enjoying it at dinner with the rest this time next week, and, of course, if they send the spoils to the hospitals. . . .

⁂ ⁂

That's one of the things, by the way, that's more needed than ever just now, with so many woundeds pouring in—sending things to the hospitals, I mean. Of course, going there yourself and cheering the men up is the best way really if only you're one of those who *can*, but there are so very few who *are*.

⁂ ⁂

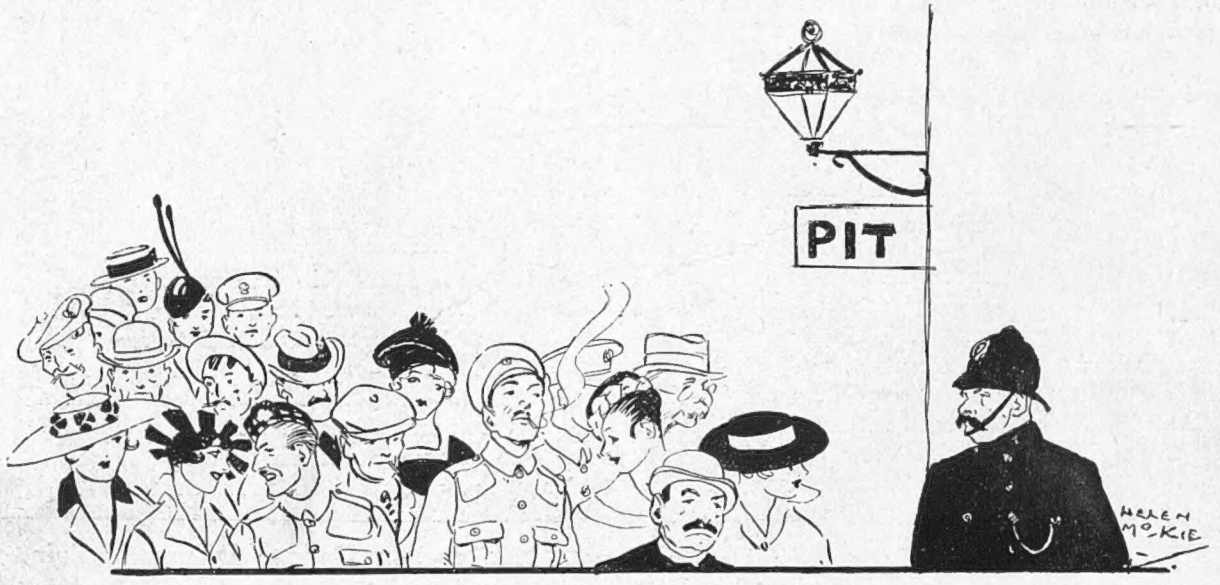
The King and Queen and Queen Alexandra are among the few who can—though, of course, even if they couldn't, just the mere fact of their coming round would please the men no end. As it is, though, you can't imagine what a tremendous lot of trouble they take, while queens who wipe the sweat from a soldier's brow tenderly with their own hankies and shade with their cherished umbrella a soldier's face from the sun deserve to be loved and served, don't you think, if we *are* a democratic nation?

⁂ ⁂

But the comparatively easy job of just sending something they want—you'd think there'd be such a rush that the hospitals would all be glutted, wouldn't you, with the sort of little luxuries you can't expect busy authority to provide? They aren't, though, I'm told, not now. And I suppose if you can't get petrol to take yourself out you can't be expected to get it to take out just a Tommy.

With love, yours ever,

Blanche



"Astonishing, isn't it, this unquenchable thirst for amusement?"

Where Mourners Mourn in White

AT THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE CHINESE DICTATOR

CROWDS WATCHING THE PROCESSION

THE FUNERAL TRAIN LEAVING THE CITY

EVEN at the doors of Presidents—and perhaps even more insistently there than on the palace-gates of mere Emperors and Kings—Death still knocks. And where Death knocks in high places, the man who answers the call travels on his last journey in lofty State. China, for uncountable years an Empire, discarding its dynasty, confided its destinies to that very great man, Yuan Shih Kai, as first President of the Republic; but he has not lived long to enjoy the honours of his mighty position. His funeral procession, passing through Peking on its way to entrain for Honan, the home of his fathers, presents, through the most interesting photographs which appear on this page, a picture to which English eyes are unaccustomed—a strong contrast between the Oriental methods of mourning and our own. White, not black, is the mourning colour in China—in itself a sufficiently striking difference; but perhaps the most curious feature of a Chinese funeral is the carrying in procession of large white tablets with inscriptions commemorating, doubtless, the virtues of the dead President, and the records of his and his ancestors' lives.

" East is East, and West is West
And never the twain shall meet,"

says Kipling. But in one thing they do meet, and that is in the respect paid to the mortal remains of a great man. But there are no women in the crowd.

YUAN SHIH KAI
The late President of China

THE SPECIAL FUNERAL COACH ON THE TRAIN FOR HONAN

THE FUNERAL CAR AND ITS ATTENDANTS IN THE STREETS OF PEKING

Smiling Avon in War-Time: The

To judge by the appearance of the railway termini just at present, many persons appear to have decided that it is not for such as they that the appeals to give up holidays are intended, but rather for other persons. There is a decidedly "August as usual" look about these termini. What was THE BYSTANDER doing there himself? A natural question, which shall be answered. THE BYSTANDER had four days' leave, and he decided in favour of a holiday, with the proviso that such holiday should be economical and at the same time mind-improving. He was on his way to Stratford-on-Avon, where his leave coincided with that of his esteemed collaborator, Bruce Bairnsfather—just back from the Somme—whose home is at Bishopton, near Stratford.

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Well, a holiday in Shakespeare Land has much to recommend it, and right now at the present moment. The land looks at its very best in early August, for nowhere does the hay smell sweeter, nor the corn grow fuller and browner, nor the lanes leafier. My friend, "B.B.'s," home lies on the Avon, on a byway outside Stratford, and some of those "Fragments from France"—roughed out in the trenches—have been given publishable form in a little summer-house of his own construction, which stands beside a water-lily pond in the midst of a bit of "jungle." And outside, over the meadows, all is stillness and stagnation, where the cattle browse, and the trees stand upright, and hardly a breath stirs.

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But to deal with Shakespeare Land as a leave-retreat. An hour and a half in a train puts you out at Leamington station. The newly fashionable "push-bike"—if you can't run a car you must certainly take one with you—should get you comfortably to Stratford, within less than an hour. And a very pleasant ride it is along that beautiful highway. At Stratford, there is the Avon, as lovely a river for punting and fishing as exists in Blighty. If, like myself, you have somehow contrived to miss Stratford in previous years, owing to your belief that it was an American rather than a British locality, this year you may be reassured. Not an American voice is to be heard o'er the land, and as for Huns—well, "*unser Shakespeare*" is *our* Shakespeare in England now.

—•••—

Why I recommend Stratford at this very moment is because the summer season of Shakespearean repertory plays is in full swing until August 26—that is, for a little more than a fortnight. The Ben Greet Company is playing a selection of the immortal masterpieces, together with some of Tom Robertson's plays. Now if there is a time when the national poet is really good for the soul it is just now, for there is hardly a single one of his plays that does not contain some lines or some situations that are inspiring or helpful. And at Stratford, if you're staying near by, you don't take your Shakespeare as in London you do, in the doubtful spirit, wondering whether you mightn't have spent your money on something more amusing. It's the only thing there is to take. Besides, those delicious *entr'actes!* A stroll in the gardens looking down the Avon, in the cool of a summer evening! Well, if there are more enjoyable things I don't know of them.

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Having seen your Shakespeare, you can think your Shakespeare in those gardens at twilight, and you are a better soul for thinking your Shakespeare. The companies, on the whole, are admirable. The performance of *Othello*, with Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw in the title rôle, may be specially mentioned. Mr. Robertshaw's is an intellectual Moor, which will not, perhaps, please those who remember Grasso, and approve of Asche. Nevertheless, it is one version of the part, and by no means an implausible one.

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To while away any days not spent on the river, or in the fields, a most useful "push" can be made along the Warwick-Leamington-Kenilworth line, where in the intervals of helping to make the new history, you can enjoy the delights of the old. In Shakespeare Land you realise that England is a country worth fighting for—a fact one is rather apt to doubt sometimes in the metropolis.

Yes, give Stratford-on-Avon a chance in war-time. This year, and for the duration of the war, it is *English*.

Ideal Place for Four Days' Leave

BY SMILING AVON'S SILVER STREAM

The famous view which is enjoyed between the Acts by visitors to the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, the Summer Season of which is now on

CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER IN HIS WORKROOM AT BISHOPTON, DURING "LEAVE"

Bruce Bairnsfather, as an arch-opponent of "swank" in all its forms, won't like my mentioning the fact, but he does share with "Waggish Willie," as he calls the poet, the associations of Avon. Shakespeare is his idol, both as poet and as man, and he loves every bit of Shakespeare's Land, which is also his own. Its soft and genial air, in B.B.'s opinion, induces (1) dreaminess and (2) geniality, qualities which he admires in the Bard, and possesses himself in his own particular way and at a respectful distance. Our photographs show (1) the Avon from the grounds of the Shakespeare Theatre, at which "B.B." spends many evenings, in peace-time, during the season; (2) shows the artist of "Fragments" in a corner of his studio at Bishopton; and (3) a bit of the "jungle" in the grounds adjacent, with stagnant pool attached. Bishopton is the residence of the artist's father, Major Bairnsfather, who, as District Recruiting Officer, is a well-known and popular figure in the locality. V. C.

A LOVELY BIT OF THE GARDEN AT CAPTAIN BAIRNSFATHER'S WARWICKSHIRE HOME

Holidays and Humbug

[*The Editor desires to throw all responsibility for the opinions expressed below on to his contributor.*]

THE anxiety of those in control of the War that nothing should interfere with the steady and increasing output of fighting material at home is right and natural. The response has been wholehearted and patriotic. I am told that with many of our munition-workers there is a personal link between their output in the factories and their lads at the front. "Here's another for you, Joe," or "Let them have a taste of this, Geordie," are exclamatory sentences not infrequently overheard. It can only be with a few that the lure of the sun has any chance of challenging loyalty to life in peril.

THE strain of incessant toil is, of course, terrible, and I rejoice to hear that there is a scheme for holidays in relays. But there are others for whom a short respite is equally essential. And I trust that they, too, will take holiday openly and unashamed. Parliament, now that it has decided that all should continue to toil, is about to indulge in ease. We expected nothing else. The nation, however, does not imitate Parliament; it is merely amused by it. Thank goodness our newspapers will be relieved of the long columns which no one reads, and for a space the Hon. Member for Muddleshire may wallow unrecorded.

HOLIDAYS have ever been with many a matter of cash; now they will involve a question of conscience too. There are some people who might go away and stay away—for the good of the State. I can think of lots of people who should be compelled to take a holiday for the duration of the war. The "Please Spare a Guinea" Pests; the "Don't Forget My Concert" Nuisances; the old bores who swear that "the Germans will be in Paris in a month" *before* dinner, and that "the war will be over by September" *after*. Of all such we are very, very tired. They need rest and prolonged rest, so that they may find their lost balance.

I AM sure, however, that the forthcoming holiday will be infinitely diverting. After all, we are a race of jolly humbugs in our social enterprises. The Smith-Jones's will announce with the usual impressiveness that they are off to the Highlands, and their dear friends, the Jones-Smith's, will find them at Margate. Not that there is anything in the world to be said against Margate. But I hope the Smith-Jones's will not spoil it. We go there to get away from them.

IN the old days, when costly week-ends were *de rigueur*, people who could not afford them pulled down the blinds and pretended that they were from home. This year all blinds will be up, and letters will be forwarded home for the parlourmaid to post at the familiar corner and secure the correct marking. Mrs. Fitz-Robinson, writing from Eaton Terrace, but really from Deal, will be profuse in apologies for her delay in thanking Mrs. South-West, writing from Pakham Crescent, but actually at Hastings, for her loan of a marked copy of the *Church Times*. Meantime the dear Curate, who finds everybody *not* at home, will believe that he has been cut by the whole congregation.

MY advice is, *Take Your Holiday*, and do it openly and be better for it, and write to your boys at the front and buck them up over it. If you do not enjoy it *pretend* that you did. If the seaside girl isn't there, swear that she is, and swear that she has come on by leaps and bounds, and that she is too utterly ripping for words. Send a pen-picture of her along to the trenches with a smack of sea-freshness in it. And if you haven't done much war-work before, set about it when you come back, and if you've been really busy over it, you'll do it all the better for a reasonable rest and a jolly good blow.

OUR boys are not fighting for mugwumps. They are facing death to win life. They are not battling for dullards and pulling long faces, but they are themselves a cheery crowd. It is a great effort nowadays, but we must be cheery too. Indeed, we must make a religion and a habit of cheerfulness. To be mewed up in hot cities when a fortnight on the hills is yours for the taking helps no one. It does not win the war; it only depresses those who are helping to win the war. It is merely jaundiced self-deception and childish cant.

OF course, I know very few of us have even a rudimentary idea of leisurely happiness. Our excellent friends the French could teach us much. Our lads will bring back with them some helpful knowledge on the point. If so—in years to come holidays will be really worth having. Only last Sunday I sat in a village garden which was almost as un-English as anything you could imagine. It was positively jolly. There were some thirty or forty wounded soldiers from France, and they gave us never a dull moment. Blithe song and jolly chorus—they let themselves go. And there was dancing, too, and everyone was happy and no one was ashamed.

WE are getting on. It will soon be a high crime to be dull. Perhaps one of these days even wit will be highly regarded, and a bright laugh and a merry smile will be the vogue. And there will be special homes for dull people, like Members of Parliament and Mr. Stiggins, behind very high walls—from which they will only be released on probation by order after examination by the Editor of THE BYSTANDER. By all means let us have a prison for the dull folk, and leave the mirth-makers to sunshine and freedom. "FOR'ARD ON"

"The Day"

"Our brave sailors carried out a successful attack on the enemy's coast defences and heavy batteries. All our ships returned safely." (*German Official*)

The Bystander in Paris

MERELY A MATTER OF FORM

HE wrote and mentioned that he was a bit fed-up with it all. He had stopped a bit of shrapnel, had been suffering from shock, and was in hospital in Rouen. "Rouen, old chap, is so near Paris," he wrote, "that I am sure you can find time to run down and see me." Nominally, Rouen should be a short hour's journey from the Gare St. Lazare. Actually—well, actually I don't know how far it is because I never got there. Have you ever seen a kitten playing with a ball of wool when you particularly want the coral ear of the lady who owns all three?—you, the wool, and the kitten, I mean. She simply can't listen to you because of the muddle that minute puss is making, and eventually you say, "Here, let *me* do it," and in rather less than three minutes the room is in a haze of wool, and you, and purple language.

"But Jones is still in Paris—"

✲

I HAVE plunged into parable thus-wise so as to present you with a mental picture of the tangle which results from the combination of military and police authorities in France as organisers of touring. People often write to me, as the man in Rouen did, saying "Can you find time to come here or to go there. Would you mind looking So-and-So up at What's-his-Name?" They usually add the information that "it must be very interesting to live so near the war." *Oui, je ne pense pas!* Have you ever heard of the Carnet Rouge? One of these days when truth about the war may be written, you will find the Carnet Rouge handed down to posterity as one of the horrors of war. In Star Chamber days there used to be a specially cruel form of torture, in which the victim was filled a little fuller than he could hold with that H_2O stuff with which some people clean their teeth. So, friends, are we who live in France fed-up to overflowing with the Carnet Rouge.

✲

JONES wants to go to Havre. For twenty-six years or thereabouts Jones has lived in Havre. At all events, he has a wife and a family there, and a house, and he pays rates and taxes, and for twenty-six years there was no real reason why business shuld not take Jones up to Paris now and then. Besides, he has an office here, too, and I met them at the theatre together once, and she was char—— I mean—besides, he has an office here, and the rest of his business concerns nobody, does it? Well, Jones, being a highly respectable person, obtained, after much running about, many visits and considerable loss of temper, permission (and a Carnet Rouge) to travel between Paris and Havre.

"'Rouen, old chap, is so near Paris,' he wrote"

HE had, of course, to report himself to the police each time he travelled, but that was a mere matter of form, and the loss of a few hours to a busy business man ceased being of appreciable importance long ago. But the other day Jones' Carnet Rouge ran out. He was in Paris when it did so. He wanted to go back to Havre. His wife wanted him to come back. His business needs him. His daughter is getting quite annoyed with him, and the

"'Merely a matter of form,' he explained"

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

dog howls and refuses to be comforted, but Jones is still in Paris.

⁂

IT is only a mere matter of form, but the renewal of his Carnet Rouge necessitates *une enquête*—an

"Miss Smith is spending her holiday in Paris"

inquiry. Until the Carnet Rouge ran out Jones was known to be a perfectly respectable person. Now that the Carnet Rouge has to be renewed he has to be proved to be a perfectly respectable person all over again. It is costing him a good deal of money, office expenses and—er—one thing and another, but the military authorities and the British Empire and the French Republic have combined forces with the dear police not to mind what expenses individuals are put to. *Qu'est ce que vous voulez? C'est la guerre.* Miss Smith is neither a journalist nor an enemy nor anything at all dangerous. She is just a hard-working girl without much money and with a fortnight's holiday at her disposal, and she is going to spend it in Paris. I'll tell you why. It's the Carnet Rouge again. But, of course, you will understand that the Carnet Rouge is merely a matter of form.

⁂

WHEN she knew she was going to get her holiday Miss Smith had her photograph taken twice, full face and profile, and, furnished with this, paid a visit to Mr. the Commissary of Police of the district in which she lived. She wanted to go to the country for her holiday. Mr. the Commissary of Police received her most politely, and remarked, washing his hands in invisible soap, that she "desired to render herself into the zone of the armies." She replied, shyly, that everywhere one wanted to render oneself nowadays invariably *was* in the zone of the armies. Mr. the Commissary of Police, whose manners were charming, congratulated Miss Smith upon her French, and, remarking that it was merely a matter of form, explained that he should require a few papers. Would Miss Smith kindly call again, having previously provided herself with her certificate of birth, the names, places of birth, if any, of her parents and grandparents on both sides, a document from her Consul guaranteeing this information, and would she be prepared to answer a few further questions. It was merely a matter of form, he explained.

⁂

MISS SMITH sighed and departed to collect information and documents. The Consular officials received her most politely, and asked her whether she had a Carnet Rouge. Miss Smith explained, shyly, that she was endeavouring to obtain one. It was explained to her that, of course, it was a mere matter of form, but that it would be necessary to submit her request to the P.Q.R.Z. or the N.T.H.B. or the D.A.G.L.B.W. (I am not quite sure of the exact lettering), whose reply might be expected in three weeks or a month. This, of course, was a mere matter of form, but—well, Miss Smith is spending her holiday in Paris.

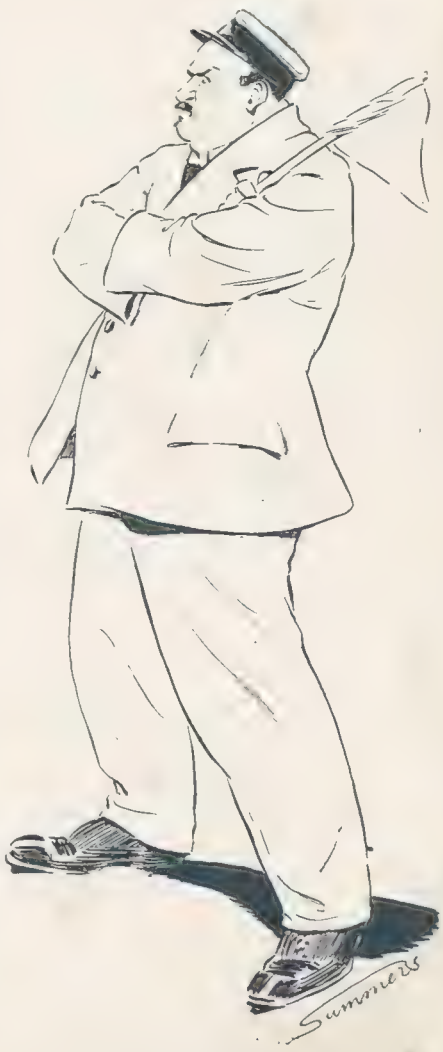
⁂

I HAD a brilliant idea myself a few days ago. Foreseeing the possibility of some delay in obtaining a Carnet Rouge without which it is practically impossible to go anywhere, I thought I would take time by the forelock and get one before I really needed it. Being well-known to the Paris Police and to the British Military Authorities I called on the latter. They received me most politely, explained that it was a mere matter of form, and told me that it would be necessary for me to say where I wanted to go, when I wanted to go there, why I wanted to do so, to give an undertaking not to mention the war in any written document for publication or otherwise and to await the result of an enquiry—*une enquête.* It was explained to me that it was, of course, a mere matter of form, and that possibly by the time the war was over—I am still in Paris.

⁂

AND now the one remark which I cannot get out of my mind is the remark in an old French farce of an excited stationmaster in a small French railway station where tourists had been bothering him: "What on earth do these people want to travel for? *Est ce que je voyage, moi?*"

JOHN N. RAPHAEL



"Est ce que je voyage, moi?"

MORE "FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE"

Tips for Tommies

LEARN To FIGHT

Anyone with a taste for Fishing, or Moth Collecting can learn to fight.

Anyone can put a hook in a worm, or a pin in a moth. WE DEVELOP THAT INSTINCT, and by our Postal Course of Instruction, will help you to earn big money by fighting.

Subjects Taught:- Bayonet work, bombing, & asphyxiation.

This sketch shows the work of a former pupil. Try this exercise yourself on a friend, and tell us the result. We will at once tell you your chances of success.

A Lieutenant writes:— Unfortunately I had not got as far as your chapter on Upper Cuts; or I feel sure I should not be where I am now.

Yrs truly

———

Clearing Station
Gezain Court.

The demand for fighters exceeds the supply

Write today

The Asphyxobomb School of Instruction

[ADVT] Hooge.

PASSED BY CENSOR

Now that War has become a world business, we must at any moment expect the appearance of this sort of thing in our papers

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

MORE "FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE"

"The Imminent, Deadly, Breach"

PASSED BY CENSOR

"Mind you don't fall through the seat of yer trousers, 'Arry!"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

The Lady of the Geraniums

Photograph *Wrather and Buys*

A charmingly cool portrait of Miss Valérie May, who is now playing in "Mr. Manhattan" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre

THE RIBBON

By LIEUT. W. GILBERT SAUNDERS

In life it is the trifles which really matter. The Army, exceptional in so many things, obeys the rule in this. Every soldier knows that it is the obvious little things which count.

Hence the peculiar case of Lieutenant William Eversley Bingham, of the 2nd Eastshire Light Infantry. You may think that a piece of ribbon is a frippery, a meretricious feminine vanity. But it is capable of being every bit as dynamic as a cousin in the Cabinet; witness the following yarn. You see, it was like this.

The 2nd Eastshires went to France in August, 1914. They had a pretty rough time, and lost considerably more than half their officers and men. Under these circumstances Bingham found himself in temporary command of "D" Company, or the remnant thereof. One day early in September the battalion was very hard pressed. Their position was a particularly poor one. They were enfiladed from the left and the Boche was pressing them hard in front. In the stress all inter-communication between companies and headquarters had collapsed. It was up to the individual company commanders to decide their own lines of action. Now Bingham was no sixpenny magazine hero. He was just a soldier anxious to do his job with as little risk to his own and his men's skins as possible. He realised that the position was hopeless, and decided that the country in the rear was much healthier. So he prepared to retire as gracefully as possible.

But just then "C" Company, on Bingham's right, began to evacuate its inadequate cover and retreat across fairly open ground. Bingham, of course, immediately gave them all the fire support he could muster, but it did not prevent poor old "C" Company being badly mopped up by a couple of concealed machine-guns. The spectacle gave Bingham the nastiest of shocks. It was obviously suicide to attempt to clear out; so willy nilly he had to stay where he was and put up the best show possible.

Then the unexpected happened. The amazed Bingham suddenly heard some shells whistling over his head from behind. Then a friendly machine-gun opened, and badly mauled some advancing Huns. Reinforcements had arrived, and the German attack was held up. Soon after dark the battered scraps of the Eastshires were relieved, and the position was consolidated with fresh troops. Bingham's unwilling stand had saved a fairly important position, and presto!—he was a hero!

The Colonel—a man of florid vocabulary—congratulated him fervently and at great length. He said Bingham's stubborn and gallant resistance against prodigious odds was a combination of Thermopylæ and Rorke's Drift—and lots more like that. He hinted at honours to come. Even the Brigadier sent for Bingham. But the Brigadier was much more restrained. He remarked casually that Bingham had evidently done his duty, and then proceeded to ask many questions as to how the men and rifles stood the strain of prolonged rapid fire. There, for the time, the matter ended.

But some months later a new decoration was instituted, which we will call the Army Medal, and Bingham figured in the first list of recipients! His regiment, now made up to strength, was delighted. Bingham was secretly surprised and openly elated. The only immediate fly in the ointment was the awkward fact that nobody knew what the ribbon was, so Bingham was unable to hoist the colours on his tunic.

At this psychological moment Cathcart, the signalling officer, chanced to receive a dozen boxes of Pyramid cigarettes from his wealthiest uncle. You have probably heard of Pyramids, even if you have never smoked them. They are the most expensive Egyptians made, and are only bought by financiers, A.S.C. subalterns, and other people with money to burn. If you go down a certain street off New Bond Street you will find on the left-hand side a small, but richly fitted, shop, in the tiny window of which you will perceive one solitary box of Pyramids enthroned on a dark oak pedestal. It is a sumptuous silk-covered box secured by a ribbon of striking but not outrageous design composed of red, grey, and gold.

Cathcart was cursed with a constructive sense of humour, and the sight of this not unostentatious ribbon suggested possibilities to him. He had hurried and vivacious conversations with the various officers—except Bingham—and before long the prettiest of plots was afoot.

That evening, a few minutes after the post had arrived, Cathcart rushed into "D" Company mess with a piece of red, grey and gold ribbon in his hand.

"Bingham," he cried, "I've saved your reputation. You seemed too slack to bother about it, so I've taken the trouble to get the Army Medal Ribbon for you. It's just come from Blighty by this post."

"Oh, that's awfully decent of you," replied the gratified Bingham. "I was just going to write about it to-night. Thanks muchly."

"That's all right. I was getting some stuff from my tailor, so I got him to put that in as well. Now, go and stick it up at once."

Bingham was seen a few hours later with a piece of ribbon of striking hue on his manly chest. His brother officers congratulated him warmly.

"It's gaudy, you know," said Bingham, whose tastes were quiet. "I'm not over keen on it."

"That can't be helped," remarked the Senior Captain, authoritatively. "It's the proper thing, and you'll have to wear it."

Curiously enough, that very day Bingham, who had some knowledge of French, was nominated as a candidate for a special Staff job which involved contact with French Staff Officers. A few days later he was summoned with two other officers from the division to be interviewed by the Chief of Divisional Staff. This impressive person was to choose the most suitable candidate, who would again be interviewed, along with officers similarly selected from other divisions, by a Corps Staff Officer, who would make the final

(All rights strictly reserved)
(Continued on page 244)

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY (continued from page 243)

choice. Bingham, on being ushered into the presence of the august one, noticed that the officer's eye seemed glued to the decoration which shone so brilliantly on our hero's left breast. After Bingham had withdrawn the Chief-of-Staff turned to the General's Aide-de-Camp who was standing beside him.

"Forbes," he said, "what the devil was the decoration that fellow was wearing? I don't know it."

Now the aide-de-camp had a big reputation for omniscience to sustain. He was one of those people who never admit ignorance; he could always supply information on any old subject. The fact that it was not invariably accurate did not really matter much. There was a scarcely perceptible pause.

"Oh, that's a Russian decoration, sir," replied the imperturbable Forbes, in casual tones. "It's the 2nd Class Order of St. Olga."

"Indeed," said the Chief-of-Staff, pensively. "Then I suppose he got it in that long list of Russian decorations published a few weeks ago."

"No doubt he did," agreed the Aide-de-Camp, cheerfully.

"Well, in that case I shall recommend him for the appointment," said the Chief. "There's nothing to choose between the candidates otherwise. And since this man was in the Russian Honours List he must be a sound chap. It's more difficult to get those foreign decorations than some of our own. That new Army Medal, for instance, they seem to be handing out pretty freely I believe in pushing these good men on."

So Bingham was duly pushed on, and his next interview was with a very imposing Staff Officer. When his eye caught Bingham's ribbon this officer seemed slightly startled. He removed his monocle, polished it with a beautiful khaki silk handkerchief, and replaced it. Bingham thought his manner a trifle distrait. As a matter of fact, the Staff Officer was wondering what by all the little tin gods on wheels that ribbon stood for. He thought of asking Bingham but considered it *infra dig.* for Senior Staff Officers to seek information from Subalterns on such subjects as military decorations. On further cogitation he concluded it was a French Honour. The French had quite recently decorated a number of British officers. He felt almost certain he had seen that very ribbon on a French artillery major only a few days before.

After seeing the other aspirants to the position he recommended Bingham, considering that, as the appointment necessitated dealings with French officers, a man with a French decoration would be a happy choice. Thus in a few days Bingham, tastefully arrayed in staff cap and tabs, was sauntering contentedly down the chief street of the pleasant French town which sheltered the Headquarters of the —th Army. He was smugly engaged thinking that merit *will* tell in the Army, by Jove! Evidently the Staff did, after all, consist of the cream of the regimental officers. He regretted the many pungent things he had said about Staffs.

One man, a Territorial artillery captain, seemed positively fascinated by Bingham's ribbon. Twice he made obvious manœuvres to observe it closely. Finally, when Bingham turned into a *pâtisserie* for tea, the ubiquitous Captain followed him, and sat at the same table. He was a red-faced, rather fat man with a clipped black moustache. But he seemed a cheery soul, and chaffed the waitress in quite good French as he ordered his tea. Then he turned courteously to Bingham.

"Excuse my curiosity," he said, "but would you mind telling what your ribbon stands for? It is new to me in this capacity."

Bingham didn't quite grasp the meaning of "in this capacity," but he modestly volunteered the information that it was the ribbon of the Army Medal.

"Indeed, indeed." An odd smile played round the Captain's mouth. "Look here, dine with me to-night, will you? I'm Stokes, of the 3rd North Meadshire Battery. I've got a temporary job here at Headquarters. Are you there too?"

Bingham was a bit startled by this volcanic hospitality.

"Yes, I've just come," he replied. "But, really, I scarcely like to stick you for a meal when you hardly know me. It's awfully kind of you, but——."

"Oh, that's all right. We always like to give newcomers a welcome. Besides, I really owe it to you."

"Well, thanks very much, I will. But what do you mean by owing it me?" asked the puzzled Bingham.

"Oh, you'll find out in time. It's a silly habit I have of being mysterious. Comes of reading too much William le Queux."

The dinner came off that evening. And it really *was* a dinner, a pukka one. Wines, food, cigars, all were sumptuously unwarlike. It's true that Bingham was a trifle puzzled by his host, but that did not mar the occasion. Either Stokes had an abnormal sense of humour or else there was some joke which Bingham felt he was not fortunate enough to share. Still, he did share the dinner, which was the chief thing. He felt that if this princely hospitality was a chronic symptom of Staffs, he was all for Staffs.

The next day an eagle-eyed major (G.S.O. 2) of the Intelligence Corps came into Bingham's office. His gimlet gaze fixed itself without much delay on the fateful ribbon. By this time Bingham was beginning to think the Army Medal beat all others as an attention attractor. There was a second of pregnant silence.

"What in the name of sanity are you wearing that ribbon for?" exclaimed the Major, in tones of wrathful amazement. "This isn't a fancy dress ball."

"It's the Army Medal ribbon, sir," said Bingham in his most dignified style.

"Army Medal be damned. I smoke them myself." And to the astonished and alarmed Bingham he did a tale unfold. Without much difficulty Bingham demonstrated his own innocence and the Intelligence Officer (G.S.O.2) had sufficient sense of humour to see that it was really not a bad joke. But the victim was as yet too ruffled to appreciate humour. Then Bingham began dimly to see light in another direction.

"Can you tell me, sir," he enquired earnestly, "what exactly in private life is Captain Stokes, in the C.R.A.'s office?"

"Stokes?" replied the Major, "a capital fellow. Smart man, too. He's managing director of the Pyramid Cigarette Company. I should think he owes you quite a lot of money for the advertisement."

What Boots It?

DAS ERWACHEN: WORN-OUT SOLES—AND SOULS

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"The Rotters" at the Garrick Theatre

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

To judge by the plays about Lancashire that have recently come to Town, the fathers of that salubrious county do not seem to have any sort of luck with their families. They usually begin by ruling with a rod of iron, and end up with a rather badly broken home. Councillor John Clugston, J.P., is the latest sample of the goods. To begin with, he poses as an aggressively Moral Man; and a dismal experience of persons of this sort teaches us that this pose is usually adopted either to cover sins of the past or to pave the way for a decorative little outbreak that is coming off as soon as the coast is clear.

❋

If there is one thing that Mr. Clugston is satisfied about it is that he and his family are moral examples to the neighbourhood. The purpose of this play is to prove the case to be distinctly otherwise. The ball is opened by Miss Estelle Clugston, aged about sixteen, who is expelled from her fashionable and expensive boarding school for carrying-on with one of the local choir-boys. From the amatory correspondence intercepted by the headmistress it would appear that the going has been pretty brisk, and Miss Estelle has, therefore, been returned to her parents as not being up to sample. Miss Winnie Clugston, the elder sister, then develops a taste for joy-rides with her father's chauffeur; while young Mr. Percy Clugston is captured by the police in a local gambling-hell after an indiscreet, but extremely fierce, resistance which has put his features temporarily out of repair.

❋

The outstanding figure of the play is Charles Berry, the family chauffeur. Charles is a fine-looking young fellow, and he has the added advantage of having been educated at Eton and Oxford—his present position being due to the fact that he is the black sheep of a distinguished family that has been obliged to disown him. The ladies of the Clugston family hover round the good-looking chauffeur like flies round a jam-pot. Even the mature Mrs. Clugston smiles in a languishing way at the handsome chauffeur, and drops hints that if at any time he should be feeling lonely—and Mr. Clugston should happen to be out—

MRS. CLUGSTON GOES IN FOR A LITTLE HERO-WORSHIP

he will always be welcome in the drawing-room.

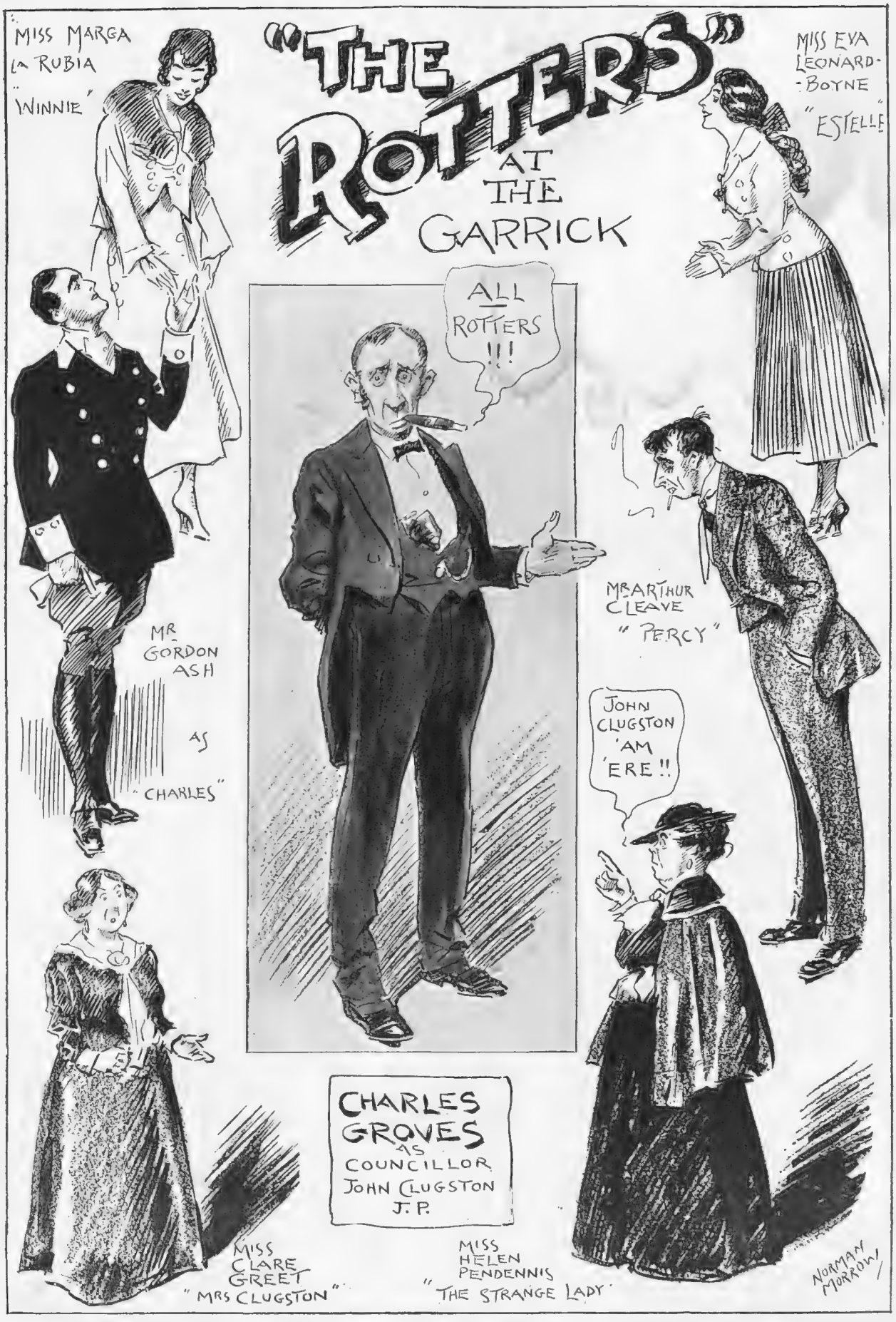
❋

Miss Estelle, after her expulsion from school, flirts in a mild and precocious way with the chauffeur, and gives him clearly to understand that she regards him with an unusually favourable eye. This part is very daintily played by Miss Eva Leonard-Boyne, and proves her to be already an actress of distinction. Estelle's attitude towards the chauffeur makes her elder sister Winnie a little desperate. Winnie, therefore, takes the first opportunity of mentioning to him the seemingly inconsequential detail that her mother retires at half-past ten at night, while she herself is generally to be found in the drawing-room for at least an hour after that. And as has been recorded by an observer of the past, a nod is as good as a wink in extreme cases of this kind.

❋

At half-past ten that night Mrs. Clugston retires to her room after struggling heroically to resist her drowsiness. Shortly after she has departed the drawing-room windows open, and Charles, the chauffeur, walks in and bows his acknowledgments to Miss Winnie, who is waiting for him in an arm-chair. Miss Winnie, it then appears, is not a young lady given to waiting on events. She bids Charles seat himself on a sofa, and then says that she thinks she will sit beside him. After a moment or so of idle chatter she explains that she thinks they would get along better if she switched off the lights; and the lights are put out accordingly. A moment or two later the door of the room opens and the lights go up again with embarrassing suddenness. Mr. Clugston has returned unexpectedly, but, at the same time, to the intense relief of at least one person, namely, myself. Indeed, I had already begun to reach for my hat, because it seemed to me that at the rate at which Miss Winnie was travelling we might be landed anywhere. And I was always brought up so strictly. This scene, daring as it seems, is very carefully dealt with by Miss Marga la Rubia, with Mr. Gordon Ash as the lovely chauffeur; while the lightly farcical tone of the scene robs it of any ill-flavour. *The Rotters* is an amusing story built upon a rather dismal theme; and the acting is of a very high order of excellence indeed. JINGLE

Hot-Pot fro' Lancasheer



"The Rotters," Mr. H. F. Maltby's new play at the Garrick, gives a further insight into the characteristic humour, harsh and rough, of the dwellers in Lancashire, first laid before our astonished eyes by the late Stanley Houghton

BELLICOSITIES

THERE is naturally some speculation as to the precise form of the "festivities" for which the Kaiser has bidden the minor Hun rulers to Wilhelmshaven and Kiel in September. After Jutland Bank, he can hardly be anxious to regale them at a banquet of naval "scraps."

❊

PRINCE ALBERT OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN wishes it to be known that "the House of Commons' discussion about his titles and orders leaves him cold." If his treason had the punishment his accusers desire, it would leave him colder still.

❊

ON observing the newspaper headline, "Capture of Brody," the dear old lady remarked with surprise that she thought all those Irish rebel leaders had been dealt with long ago.

❊

HAVING visited Wilhelmshaven, the King of Bavaria wired to the Kaiser: "I have now acquired the conviction that Germany is invincible on the sea as on land." From which it will be seen that Bavaria's special reputation in the matter of insane monarchs is still fully maintained.

"CASUALTY, one calf," was the summary of a recent Zepp. raid. It will take a good deal of this kind of thing before Britain is thoroughly cowed.

❊

A REALLY convincing type of the "conscientious objector" has been found at last in the Rhyl man who recently offered to fight any member of the local tribunal who disputed his claim to exemption.

❊

"ONE cannot confine oneself to fruitless expostulation," said Lord Newton, apropos of the Fryatt infamy. Quite so. But, unfortunately, that is precisely what "one" always *has* done.

❊

VERY reassuring to find the *Daily Mail* introducing one of its contributors as "the well-known novelist and thinker." Not a few recent novels have tempted us to regard the two terms as mutually exclusive.

❊

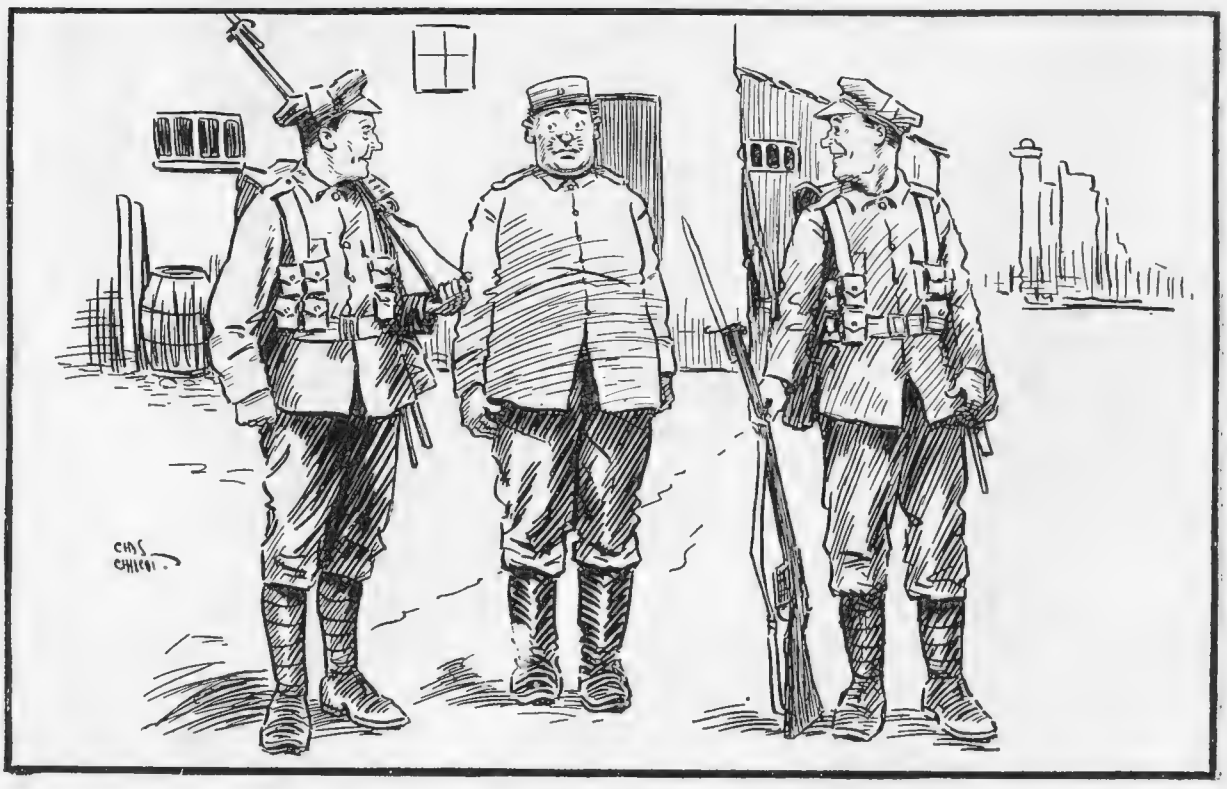
IT is reported, from an authoritative source, that recently the Austrians urgently appealed to the Kaiser for assistance, only to be told that the request would be considered when the British were beaten. Francis Joseph, it is said, was very bucked about it, and ordered an Imperial dug-out to be constructed forthwith.

❊

A GOOD deal of first, second, and third-rate philology is being wasted on a public investigation into the origin of the word "Blighty." The actual derivation of the word is immaterial, for its meaning is clear. When the soldier says "Blighty" he means Merry England with the lights out, the pubs closed, all the good news censored, and all the bad news banned: Hypocrisy at the prow, and tyranny at the helm.

❊

THE Channel Tunnel controversy is beginning to rage, and venerable military men are turning in their bath-chairs and declaring solemnly that once the tunnel is in existence we shall have to impose Conscription on our people. The answer, of course, to that threat is that as we have Conscription without the tunnel, we might chance the tunnel and—wait and see.



NA POOH

TOMMY: "Shut up, Alf! Can't yer see the blighter don't understand English? and it's a blinkin' shame to waste all that good bad language on 'im"

Born 1820
—still going strong.

PESSIMISTIC ONE: "Then you are not alarmed?"

OPTIMIST: "Bless you, No! Like Johnnie Walker, the British Empire is————'Still going strong.'"

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"The Household Tyrant"

The Household Tyrant

BY "EFEMERA."
Illustrated by Hill Clarke

Once Upon a Time

ONCE upon a time, when the world was younger than it is now, the accepted tyrant was a man. He said to his household: "Go to Halifax!" and they went, or "Fetch my boots!" and they fetched them. The family trembled at the wrathful quiver of his whiskers, still more at his words of stern displeasure when anything was not to his liking. He was incontestably master of his house and of the destinies of its inmates. Like "Sweet Alice" of the song, they basked in his smiles or dissolved into tears at his frown.

❀ ❀

The Female Sovereign

IN the course of time the rule of this tyrant *in excelsis* was to some extent superseded by that of his wife. She laid down laws, and saw that they were observed. The drawing-room became a throne-room. Strong footmen and rebellious cooks trembled at her nod. Even the master of the house himself bowed to her decisions. It was she who dispensed hospitality and maintained discipline. Her decree in social observances was final. She ruled her children with a rod of iron. In fact, under the rule of both the male and female adult, parental authority was supreme. Children were kept strictly to their place. Only as a reward for good behaviour or in order to be punished for naughtiness were they admitted to the presence of their elders and betters. The proper attitude for a child was humility and respectful obedience.

❀ ❀

Nursery Tyranny

HOW are the mighty fallen! The present generation has seen the absolute decay of parental superiority. Whereas formerly the nursery was a sort of by-product of the household, it has now become in too many homes the centre of gravity, or, rather, the axis around which everything, including the comfort of the parents, revolves. Gone are the good old days when a child was admonished to be seen (sparingly) and heard not at all. Master Jack or Willie is now invited to air his opinions, and they are listened to with respectful solicitude; his likes and dislikes are consulted and indulged at the expense of those of his elders. He is encouraged to regard himself as the most important member of the community. Potentially, of course, he may be that; actually, he is an unmitigated little nuisance, both to himself and to everyone else. Of all household tyrants he is the least rational and the most exacting.

❀ ❀

The Theory of Non-Interference

THE educational theory of "go and see what little Johnny is doing and tell him not to" was foolish enough in its way, but not more so than the fetish of untrammelled freedom applied to childhood. Why, pray, should a child be permitted to do whatever he pleases without regard for the comfort or wishes of others? Why, simply because it pleases him, should he be allowed to blow upon his tin trumpet whether or not the noise be agreeable to those present? The exercise may assist the development of his lungs and prevent a fit of ill-temper, but his lungs could well be developed at a more suitable time and place, and as for temper. . . . It is far more important that he should be taught to control it than that he should find no occasion for losing it.

(*Continued on page 252*)

"Master Jack or Willie is now invited to air his opinions"

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Ideal Skirt

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THE HOUSEHOLD TYRANT (concluded from page 250)

The Enfant Terrible

IT used to be considered advisable, if not necessary, to teach the young idea how to shoot; in these degenerate days such instruction is frowned upon as an unwarrantable infringement on little Willie's freedom. Deprive him of initiative? Perish the thought! And so the young idea is allowed to take pot shots at random with small regard for the safety of bystanders. The *enfant terrible*, as a conventional subject of amusement and horror, has practically disappeared, not because he or she no longer exists, but for the reason that all infancy has become terrible. It is the exception, not the rule, that strikes the eye. We laugh with admiring indulgence at speeches and conduct that would have outraged our own parents and caused the slipper to descend with exceeding vigour upon that portion of the childish anatomy consecrated to its reception.

"An unpardonable insult to the dignity of childhood"

❀ ❀

Children First

BUT what children are spanked nowadays? Only those whose parents, nurses, and governesses are so far behind the times as not to realise that physical chastisement is an unpardonable insult to the dignity of childhood. We tie up our garden plants in the way they should go, we train our domestic animals, we belabour our poltical rulers, but we stand aside while our children work out their own damnation, not in fear and trembling by any means—that is left for us. We take care to impress upon the infant mind the welcome idea that our convenience matters not at all. So long as the children are happy and contented and get their own way, the rest of the household can go by the board. We set them a beautiful example of yielding self-sacrifice, of entranced acquiescence, but do they follow it? I do not think. Master Willie is a severely practical person; he not only takes full advantage of the situation, but uses his established rights as a lever to extort fresh submission.

❀ ❀

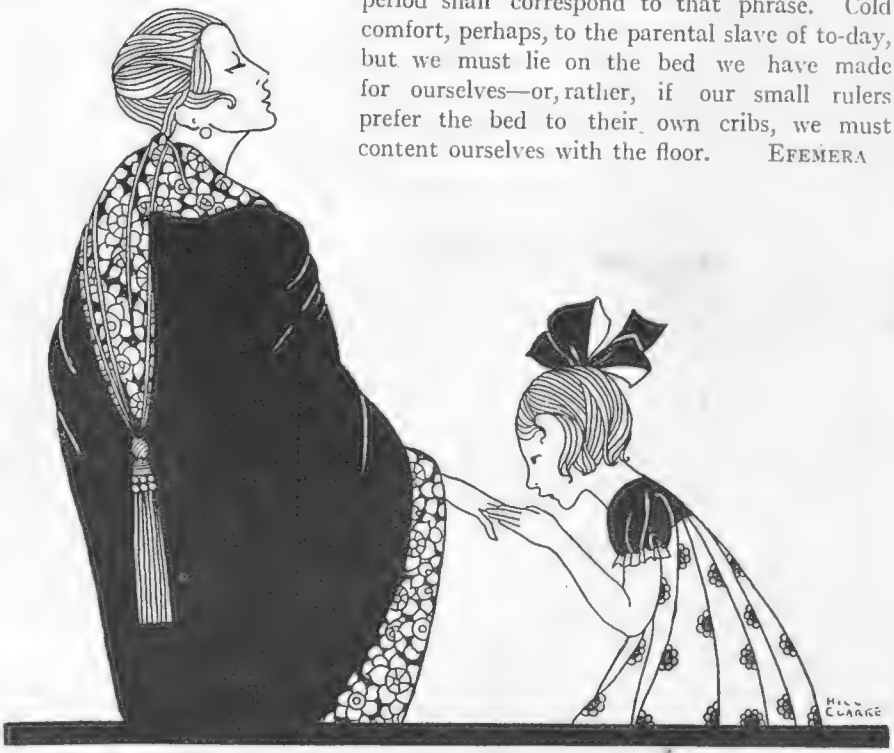
King Stork

SOME of us are so misguided as to expect gratitude, or at least affectionate acknowledgment, of our abnegation, but why should a despot be grateful for the obedience of his subjects? Was King Stork grateful to the frogs? Since we choose to set up an autocrat in our midst the most we can hope for is condescending permission to serve his caprices. Our services may be graciously received—if he chances to be in a good humour—but try to thwart his wishes and see what happens. If our small tyrant turns out a Tartar we have nothing to thank for our slavery but our own folly.

❀ ❀

The Next Generation

DO not, however, imagine that this state of things will continue. The next generation will see a striking change. Our present tyrants will tolerate no nonsense on the part of their children. Twenty years hence we shall once again see infants in a salutary state of subjection, allowed as a favour to kiss the hand of a despotic parent, begging to present their humble duty—or whatever in the vocabulary of the period shall correspond to that phrase. Cold comfort, perhaps, to the parental slave of to-day, but we must lie on the bed we have made for ourselves—or, rather, if our small rulers prefer the bed to their own cribs, we must content ourselves with the floor. EFEMERA



"Allowed as a favour to kiss the hand of a despotic parent"

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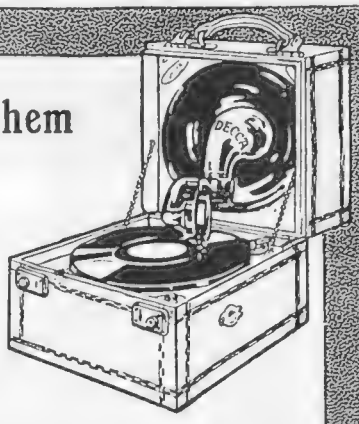

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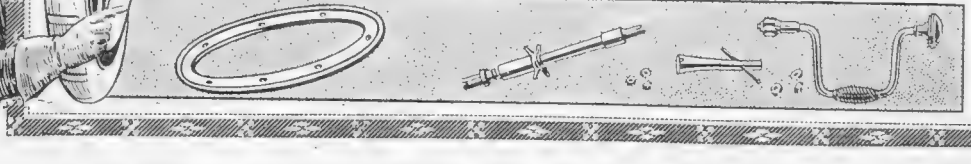

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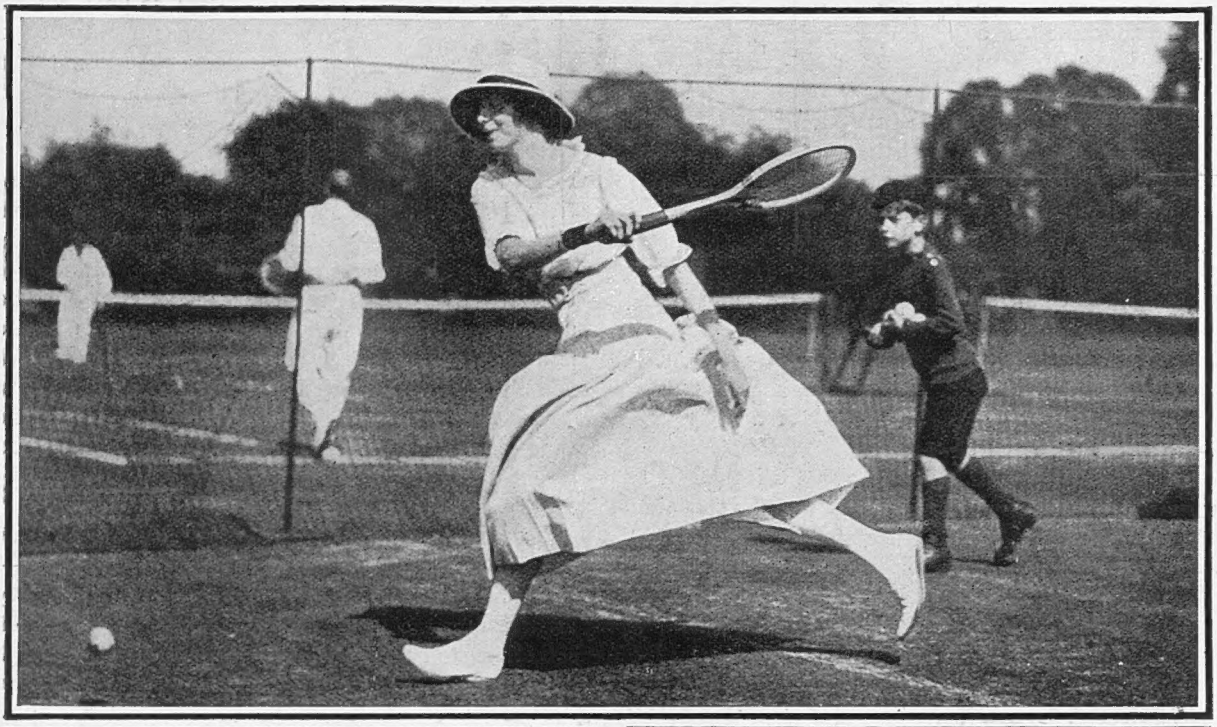
MISS LYSA GRAHAM, the Gaiety Theatre favourite, writes: "Ven-Yusa leaves the skin beautifully soft and flexible, with no suspicion of grease, and gives a velvety appearance to the face. I shall certainly recommend Ven-Yusa as widely as possible."

Smart Set at Surbiton



Three delightful pictures of the Duchess of Sutherland playing in a lawn-tennis tournament at Surbiton, last Saturday, in aid of the local War Charities, and exemplifying the pretty paradox of being a winning loser

MUSICAL NOTES

"THE SERAGLIO"

A PRODUCTION of a Mozart opera always seems to come as a surprise to us Londoners, especially if the opera be not *Don Giovanni* or *Le Nozze di Figaro*. Why we should hear Mozart so rarely, Heaven alone knows. He was certainly the second greatest, and perhaps the greatest, writer of music for the stage that has ever lived. Nine out of ten of us like him, and three out of ten of us love him all others above. Yet Covent Garden—inevitably, perhaps, on account of its size—consistently neglected him for decades, throwing us an occasional scratch performance of *Don Giovanni* by way of a sop!

⁂ ⁂

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM has changed all that, but even he is rather timid for our liking. So that the announcement of a performance of *The Seraglio*, the least performed, I suppose, of all Mozart's operas, left us positively gasping. And an excellent performance it was, too, wherein Robert Radford, Mignon Nevada, and a scene-painter, whose name I forget, all distinguished themselves greatly.

⁂ ⁂

HOW charming is *The Seraglio!* How refreshing! How delightful! I entered the theatre with a nervous depression, and left it feeling that the war would be over in September, or, if not, that everything would soon come all right somewhere, somehow! Perhaps this quite gratuitous personal detail should be apologised for, but it explains so precisely the peculiar quality of the opera that it must be allowed to stand. *The Seraglio* was written when Mozart was a mere lad; the story is absurd, the characterisation lacks distinction, some of the music is almost crude. But the fact remains that even now, after a hundred and fifty years, the vitality of this boy of genius infects us with its sparkle and gaiety in an almost incredible manner. To me it always seems that to listen to the music of *The Seraglio* is, as it were, to drink champagne and to bathe in the eddy of some waterfall at one and the same time—if such an extremely dangerous combination of experiences can be imagined!

⁂ ⁂

CERTAINLY it is just this vitality that appeals to us nowadays. Modern—really modern—musicians are increasingly inclined to accept vitality as the supreme test of worth. There is, after all, something to be said for preferring the boisterous high spirits of "All Aboard for Dixie" to the still-born dreariness of more cultured compositions. The question is interesting, and not one to be solved, or even discussed, in half a page of THE BYSTANDER. But the tendency to think so has undoubtedly helped Mozart to "enjoy his own again"—and could any faith demand a better justification by works?

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Georgette Blouse, in an entirely new design, with full-shaped frill to goover Coat, entirely hemstitched, and made in the new Hydrangea Colourings, viz., Tea Rose, Silver Grey, Hydrangea Grey, Fox Glove Pink, Primrose, Mauve and Sky Blue.

Special Price
29/6
Catalogue Post Free.

Debenham & Freebody
(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London, W

Famous for over a Century for Taste, for Quality, for Value.

A STUDY IN PINK & WHITE

"You are like a 'red, red rose,' a very red, red rose," said her father, with a mischievous, teasing laugh.

"I can't help it if I am," she petulantly answered. "The sun blazed so."

"Why don't you try Rowland's Kalydor?" said her mother. "I've heard it's splendid for sunburn, and the roughness and redness due to wind and dust."

She took the hint, and now she is *fearlessly* an outdoor girl, conscious that her complexion is *always* a study in pink and white.

Rowland's Kalydor

FOR THE COMPLEXION

Prevents Sunburn, Tan, Freckles, Redness, Roughness, Spots, Cutaneous Eruptions, etc.

Sold in 2/3, 4/6 and 8/6 bottles, by Stores Chemists, and ROWLAND'S, 67, Hatton Garden, London.

The Health Principle—

The importance of wearing garments that are really healthful is being continually insisted upon by medical men.

"Viyella"

(Regd. Trade Mark).

Shirts and Pyjamas

"We got them at the same time why didn't I buy 'Viyella'?"

are health-giving in that the "Viyella" fabric **both** absorbs **and** radiates away the moisture of the body, whilst its porosity allows free air passage, thus keeping the skin in a healthy condition and minimising the risk of chill. Durable, unshrinkable, and comfortable, the garments can be obtained ready-to-wear or made-to-measure.

OF ALL HIGH-CLASS OUTFITTERS.

The manufacturers will be pleased to forward name and address of your nearest or otherwise suitable "Viyella" Outfitter upon request, together with samples of the material and interesting booklet, "A Material Consideration."

Wm. Hollins & Co., Ltd. (Trade only), 3a, Viyella House, Newgate St., London, E.C.

DUNLOP PHILOSOPHY

(2)

It is sound *national* economy to buy British tyres in preference to foreign ones; and sound *personal* economy to buy Dunlops in preference to others.

Smart Hats for Holiday Wear

Woollands' advanced Millinery Models are indicative of coming fashion, exquisite in taste and tone, and moderate in price

V 60.—Velvet Hat with soft crown, brim lined pale coloured Felts in all shades. Also in Nigger and all Black. Price **35/9**

Also same shape in lovely soft shades of Velour in Pale Mauve & Pale Pink **45/-**

WOOLLANDS

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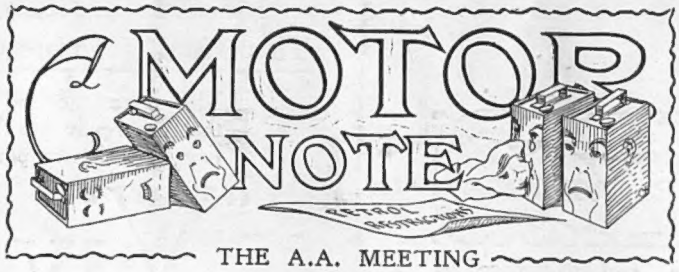

THE A.A. MEETING

The A.A. Meets

THE Automobile Association recently met in its eleventh annual conclave to report progress. Progress is a relative term. For example: If the potential membership of the A.A. before the war was, say, 500,000, and one half of that potential membership disappeared because of the war, the A.A. could lose 49 per cent. of its members and still be making healthy progress. Instead of which, on the balance of old members lost and new members gained, the A.A. stands very much where it did in actual numbers. Having regard to the fact of war and the tremendous percentage of A.A. subscribers involved, the relative progress is really wonderful.

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A Hopeful Summary

MAJOR STENSON COOKE (secretary) came in for a great eulogy from Mr. Joynson Hicks, M.P. (chairman), who also made a few caustic comments upon the cant of the anti-pleasure motoring campaign by those who never thought to restrict their own pleasures. He hoped for peace in a year (I continue to hope for it next week), and figured there would be a great motoring outgrowth. (There certainly should be two or three years of intense general activity which motoring must reflect.) In that outgrowth the A.A. was certain to be prominent (agreed), and had planned accordingly. He summarised the national services rendered by the A.A. during the war (and it was a very notable record of achievement); and had much to say upon the question of the artificial shortage of petrol due to the "war is waste" shibboleth, by which all Governmental incompetence is supposed to be justified. Mr. Chas. McWhirter (Chairman, Finance Committee) reported a surplus of £40,000 out of an income of £105,000, despite all the activities of the Association; and the meeting went its several ways content. As it had just cause to be.

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Pastors and Petrol

CLERGYMEN and ministers of religion are exempt from military service presumably on the ground that they are performing work of national importance; but the Government will go no further with its recognition of that work. Therefore, the attempt to secure the same concession for the Cure of Souls that is already enjoyed by the Doctor of Bodies (in the matter of petrol rebates) was resisted in the House by the Government, and killed. Motoring clergymen must pay full fare.

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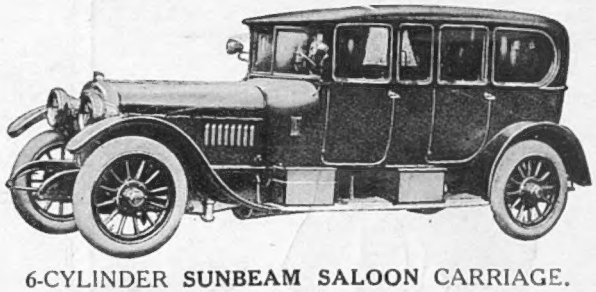
The Showman

PITY P.B. is such a drummer in his method. He has a lot of useful things to say. Most of them require to be said. But a man does not improve his chance of being heard by travelling around like a circus. Dear old Cody worked that department very bare in his day, and the flight movement has no special need of emulators. Pemberton Billing is a bold man and a very capable man. Why jeopardise the effect of good work by giving the Philistine cause to jeer? That car alone would justify "Pemberton-Barnum." ALEX. J. M. GRAY

BETTER LIGHT AHEAD.—C. A. V. lamp bulbs for car-lighting give more light at least cost and entail no trouble. Strong, Efficient, Reliable, and British throughout. Write for new Catalogue. C. A. VANDERVELL & Co., Ltd., Acton, W.

HOBSON PLUGS (British made) are being supplied in large numbers to the Allies for use in the Mechanical Transport section and for Aeroplane engines.—Illustrated leaflet with description of types from H. M. HOBSON, Ld., 29, Vauxhall Bdg. Rd., S.W.



6-CYLINDER SUNBEAM SALOON CARRIAGE.

THE SUPREME
SUNBEAM

When the entire engineering resources of the nation are being devoted to producing munitions, the fact of a firm being contractors to the Admiralty or War Office is not necessarily a mark of distinction. That depends wholly on the nature of the munition supply. From the commencement of the war the Sunbeam Company's activities have been devoted to supplying the British and Allied Governments with cars, ambulances, and Sunbeam-Coatalen aircraft engines—all exclusively evolved by the firm's costly, elaborate and lengthy experimental work.

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR COMPANY, LTD., WOLVERHAMPTON.
Manchester: 112, Deansgate.

Agents for Cars for London and District: J. Keele, Ltd., 72, New Bond Street, W.

Dunlop Tyres are fitted to Sunbeam Cars as standard.